The World.

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MR. MORGAN'S TESTIMONY.

FOR whosoever hath, to him shall be given, and he shall have more abundance; but whosoever hath not, from him shall be taken away even that he hath.—Mat. xiii., 12.

WHAT AILS THE LAWYERS?

THE man who put into his will a plain warning to his heirs to beware of probate judges and attorneys was doubtless only getting his revenge for bitter memories of his own. "My personal experience," the will read, "in dealings social and otherwise with lawyers has been extensive, and careful observation in other instances has convinced me that they are all dangerous crooks, only disguised, and expressly educated and trained to obtain one's confidence in order that they may defraud and rob with impunity."

Such savage generalization is merely piquant. Yet why should it be true, as it undoubtedly is, that lawyers are unpopular—more so than any other class of professional men? Doctors and lawyers both to a peculiar degree enter into close confidential relations with their clients. So far as motive, character, public esteem are concerned, doctors stand high. Lawyers, on the other hand, have much to wish for in the matter of standing and repute. Is it because their chances of profit and reward are more subtle, more tempting, more equivocal?

We smile to-day at some of the mediaeval thrusts at lawyers as when Shakespeare makes Henry VI. say, "The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers," or when Peter the Great on being told the meaning of the swarms of black gowns and flowing wigs in Westminster Hall exclaims in astonishment, "Lawyers! why I have but two in my whole dominions and I believe I shall hang one of them the moment I get home." Yet who, amid present day events, could repeat with conviction the words of Webster: "An eminent lawyer cannot be a dishonest man. Tell me a man is dishonest and I will answer he is no lawyer. He cannot be, because he is careless and reckless of justice. The law is not in his heart, is not the standard and rule of his conduct."

Can the profession stand that test?

NO LESSONS?

THE blame for the railway disaster at Westport is likely to rest with the dead engineer who took a crossover at high speed despite signals set to warn him. The official report of the railway officials will hardly go further.

But does that end it—until the next disaster?

Are there no lessons from this latest wreck, no cumulative evidence pointing toward possible improvements and safeguards?

Granted that while human eye, brain and hand are part of the mechanism the "human equation" is always to be reckoned with. Would two alert engineers, equally responsible, on every engine lessen the likelihood of error?

This time the heavy Pullman coaches—usually the safest because of their more solid construction—got the worst of it and were splintered and burnt to scrap iron. Would steel cars have suffered as badly?

Along the whole train fire burst out almost instantly after the crash from the explosion of the Pintsch gas tanks. Cannot all trains now be lighted with electricity?

With fireproof steel cars, more flexible, more likely to crush without splintering, might not passengers, even though injured and imprisoned, have escaped the horrors of slow cremation?

Are there no lessons?

Letters from the People

To Prevent Illness.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

In the event of the adoption of the suggestion that the public schools be used as polling places at the coming election and as meeting places for the discussion of the issues of the campaign, it is to be hoped, in the interests of the children who attend the schools, that measures will be taken to diminish the risk of infection which must always be present in places of public resort. It may be taken as quite certain that among the thousands who will throng the schools for either of the purposes mentioned above a considerable portion will be affected, if not with dangerous diseases, notably consumption, with minor ailments such as catarrh, influenza &c. The systematic disinfection of school rooms, as advocated in a paper read at the recent International Congress on Hygiene and Demography at Washington, is at all times an important sanitary measure, which will become doubly so if these rooms are to be used as places of miscellaneous public resort. It would be a simple and inexpensive matter to spray the floors with an efficient disinfectant solution at the close of each meeting. And it is to be hoped that the authorities will see that this precaution is not omitted. J. T. AINSLIE WALKER.

Montclair, N. J.

Quack—Quack!

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By Maurice Ketten

The Jarr Family

By Rex L. McCardell

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MR. JARR saw the caller was really the expected visitor, Jack Silver, the only bachelor in the Jarr acquaintance able to take a wife and support her in the style the girl of to-day hopes for.

"You're a little late," said Mr. Jarr.

"What's the difference," replied the spoiled bachelor. "They'll wait for me, won't they? Well, where are the Philadelphia spring chickens?"

"They're in the parlor getting their palms read by Dinkston, who just dropped in," explained Mr. Jarr. "We're to wait a minute till they are through."

"We're to wait a minute till they are through, eh?" replied Jack Silver. "What do you think I am? An actor 'at liberty,' camping in the ante-room of a theatrical magnate?"

"Why, no," said Mr. Jarr, "but they said just to wait a minute."

"Not me!" said the bachelor testily, and he began to tug on his saucy yellow gloves and adjust his purple cravat with the star sapphire stickpin.

There was some "class" to Jack Silver. He was a natty dresser and didn't care how much money he spent. HE wait?"

"Now, don't be huffy, I'll see about it," said Mr. Jarr.

"Me huffy? The idea!" cried the ornate bachelor. "No, old chap, I really just dropped in for a moment. Give my respects to the ladies and tell them I was so sorry I could not wait, but a very important engagement called me away."

"I'll go with you," said Mr. Jarr. He felt he might as well be killed for an old sheep as a lamb. He'd be blamed for the guest of honor escaping, anyway.

They walked down the street together, Mr. Silver inwardly chagrined but airily pretending life was gay and sweet to him.

"Come in Gus's and have something," suggested Mr. Jarr.

"A corner saloon?" replied his friend. "My dear fellow I never go in them. Come to my club. We have Scotch we import ourselves. It's wonderful!"

"You come in here with me and we'll have Scotch Gus makes himself. You'll find it even more wonderful," said Mr. Jarr firmly.

"Of course, I don't care a whit," said Mr. Silver, after they had been in Gus's some little while. "Some fellows would feel sore about it. But I don't care!"

"Oh, they didn't mean they weren't anxious and eager to see you, you know," expostulated Mr. Jarr. "They just said, 'Have Mr. Silver wait a minute.' I think they really wanted to get rid of Dinkston."

"Let's say no more about it," replied dashing Jack Silver in the tone a man uses when he is dying to tell you all about his domestic troubles. "But—but"—and Mr. Jarr stood aghast to see a tear, a real tear, on the cheek of the hardened bachelor.

"Understand, I don't care a bit, not a bit!" said Mr. Silver, making a dab at the telltale tear with his handkerchief. "But my feelings are hurt."

Mr. Jarr did not venture to ask him how his feelings could be hurt to the point of tears if he cared no whit. Mr. Jarr only patted him on the back and said:

"They didn't mean it, I know they didn't mean it!"

"I'm welcome everywhere," sniffled the bachelor. "Girls write me notes, call me up on the telephone, beg me to come to see them! Girls' mothers chase me into corners and tell me what splendid housekeepers their daughters are and what a furore their musical talents create—and to be asked to wait while Dinkston—that talkative tramp—held their hands. Say, what sort of looking girls are they? Whatcha going to have?"

"They're peaches!" said Mr. Jarr, lying fearsomely.

"I always admired Philadelphia girls," said Mr. Silver. "They're so independent. I guess that's because the Declaration of Independence was signed in Philadelphia. They've got some self-respect, they have! They're not like these New York girls, throwing themselves at the heads of every man that comes along. By Jove! I admire them for it."

"Glad to hear you say so," said Mr. Jarr, wondering whether it was the jolt to his self-esteem or Gus's truly wonderful Scotch that was working this change in the erstwhile conceited bachelor.

"I'm glad I had this little talk with you," continued dashing Jack Silver. "It shows my character. It shows how I admire girls that make a man, no matter who that man is, keep his place. They were occupied and they made even ME wait. Dinkston IS a smart fellow. He may be down and out, but don't that prove those Philadelphia girls are considerate of the poor fellow's feelings? Don't it show they respect brains more than money? I'm going right back with you and tell them how I admire girls of their sort."

And back they started.

"Gus," said Mr. Jarr as they were leaving, "I want to send a bottle of that Scotch of yours to my mother-in-law in Brooklyn."

Mr. Jarr Witnesses the Breaking Of a Fiery, Untamed Bachelor

The Rib

By Helen Rowland

She Sighs for Some New Styles in Jokes.

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"HAS nothing really funny happened since Adam carved the first joke about Eve on Plymouth Rock?" sighed the Rib.

"Nothing quite so funny as Eve, perhaps," suggested the Mere Man. "But why—"

"Because," interrupted the Rib, tossing the comic sheet into the fire impatiently and propping her blue satin toes saucily on the fender, "everything has changed within the last few hundred years except the marriage laws and the styles in jokes. I'm simply pining for a good, hearty laugh. But it's not within the power of human nature to go on laughing any longer at pictures of old maids with side curls, and henpecked husbands loaded down with bundles, and trembling suitors, and irate papas, and wives going through their sleeping husbands' pockets—especially when you know these things don't even exist any more."

"Why not?" queried the Mere Man in mock surprise. "If those pictures were good enough for your grandfather to laugh at, aren't they good enough for you?"

"MY grandfather!" repeated the Rib scornfully. "Why, Adam painted the originals of those cartoons on a fig-leaf, Mr. Cutting. It has been THIRTY years since old maids wore side curls and spectacles. Side curls have been out of fashion so long that—that they're coming in again. But they are the special hall-mark of debutantes and showgirls, not of old maids. Old maids, if there were any, would sleek their hair primly and neatly under a coronet braid—as there aren't any, any more."

"No," sighed the Mere Man regretfully. "They're all suffragettes, or bachelor girls, or affinities."

"And there," declared the Rib with a cynical shrug, "is another dear, quaint 'old master' that has been preserved to us. The suffragette in a fedora hat, stiff collar, rubber boots and goggles. She went out of actual existence along with Belva Lockwood; but her spirit still remains with us in the comic paper. If a suffragette actually looked like that, the 'Cause' would have been a dead issue long ago. Why, I go to suffrage meetings myself—"

"What!" cried the Mere Man in horror.

"Just to get points on the latest fads from Paris," explained the Rib hastily. "Most of the prominent suffragettes are either actresses or society women, you know; and if the sight of them makes the angels weep—it is with ENVY! But there! There is a whole Hall of Fame dedicated to 1830 Styles in Jokes.

"On your right as you enter you will observe the antique group, entitled 'The Enraged Papa'—in other words, the classic picture of the irate old gentleman in the act of booting his daughter's suitor out of the front door. Think of it! With husbands as scarce as hen's teeth or Chippendale, this unnatural parent INSISTS on kicking a perfectly good young man with an offer of marriage out of the door, instead of falling on his neck with tears of gratitude, and telephoning for the clergyman before he can escape! Quaint old Papa!"

"But we MUST preserve SOME illusions!" protested the Mere Man. "We MUST keep up some of the old traditions, such as Santa Claus, and reluctant maidens, and—"

"Well, they're all preserved, pickled, and embalmed in the comic sheets!" returned the Rib, consolingly. "There you will find poor, brow-beaten husbands laden with parcels and packages, tagging after their wives; and fierce-looking wives grasping rolling pins, waiting behind the door for their wandering husbands. For at least twenty years the shops have been delivering everything, from a paper of needles to a toothbrush or a piano, right at your front door; and if the modern husband were asked to carry so much as a pound of tea in a brown paper bag his growls could be heard for miles.

"But that slight fact never hampers the humorist. It doesn't even seem to occur to him that the average modern woman wouldn't know where to find a rolling pin, even if she had one; and that so far is she from waiting up for her husband that she usually pins a note on the newel post telling him to take off his shoes and come upstairs as quietly as possible, so as not to awaken her. After a hard morning of shopping, a hard afternoon at the club and a hard evening at bridge, no woman has the strength left to sit up and play 'light-in-the window' for an erring husband nowadays."

"Alas!" sighed the Mere Men. "The good old times have fled. Wives no longer keep tabs on their husbands; mothers-in-law no longer visit their sons-in-law; nursery maids no longer flirt with park policemen, and lone maiden ladies no longer look under the bed for burglars. Even WOMAN, the great original joke, is no longer funny, or refreshing, or cute, or illogical."

"And that's the whole secret of it!" declared the Rib tragically. "Man has always taken himself seriously; and now that he's begun to take Woman seriously, TOO—"

"But we haven't!" protested the Mere Man vehemently.

"Oh, yes, you have," sighed the Rib. "You think you haven't but you HAVE—and of course there's nothing left to joke about!"

"'Or to love, nor to cherish, nor to pet," added the Mere Man sadly.

"No," agreed the Rib, with a little shrug. "There's nothing to ANYTHING nowadays—not even to being a woman. I wish I were an Angora kitten!"

The Folks That Write Our Books

ROBERT HALIFAX, who writes novels of London low society, declares that inspiration, "love your work" and regular-method theories are all humbug. Writing, he insists, is plain drudgery and the only glow comes with the rewards of success.

Beatrice Harraden, whose "Ships That Pass in the Night" was sold up to nearly a million copies, has just presented another odd study of life called "Out of the Wreck I Rise." She is the daughter of a musician and was born in London in 1864, her mother being a Spanish woman. Even as a child she tried to write short stories.

In real life, that Richard Dehan who wrote "One Braver Thing" and has now published "Between Two Thieves," is Miss Clotilde Graves. She is the daughter of a major in the Eighteenth Royal Irish Regiment.

Mark Lee Luther, author of the much-praised new novel, "The Woman of It," is the editor of the Smart Set Magazine. He has barely turned his fortieth year.

Warwick Deeping, the English novelist, practiced medicine before taking up the pen. He declares himself grateful to his parents for perfect health and to his wife for a quiet and pleasant corner in life.

Josephine Preston Peabody is really Mrs. Lionel Marks.

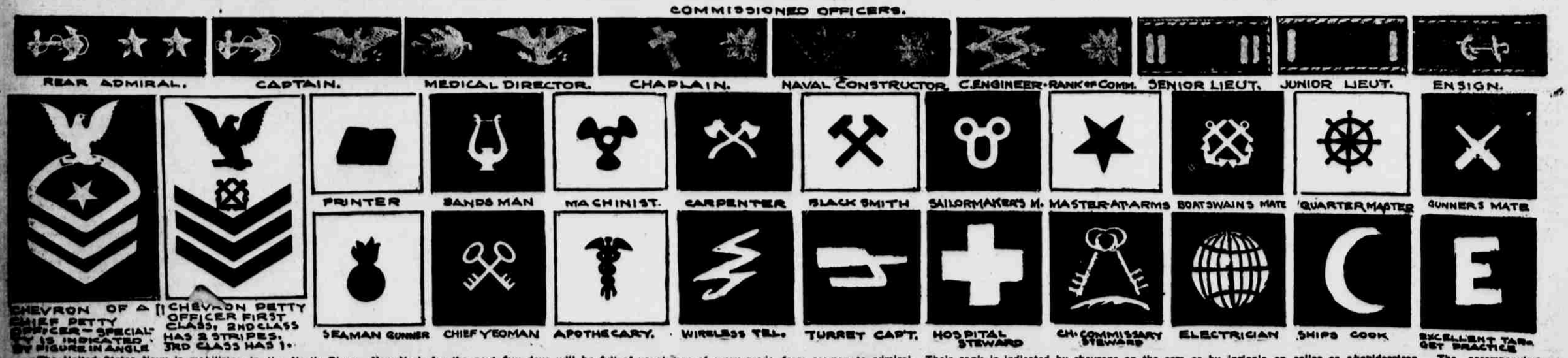
Clara Louise Burnham says that the artist's studio described so attractively in her new novel, "The Inner Flame" is taken from a real studio cleverly devised by an artist and actor from an old chicken house, and sweetly named the "Villa Chantecler."

Agnes C. Laut has become a woman farmer. She is fencing and developing a four-hundred-acre estate at Mt. Rigs.

Mrs. Eleanor H. Porter denies that she is the "Miss Billy" of her own piquant romance. She admits, however, that most of "Billy Neilson's" escapades have never been offered to a music publisher, but lay hidden away in an old music cabinet in the author's home.

"Dame Curtsey," author of various books of games, recipes and other matters, upon which hostesses have learned to rely, is Mrs. Hollbrook, formerly Eliye Howell Glover. She is an Ohioan by birth and a staff contributor to the Chicago Record-Herald.

How to Tell the Rank of Officers of the Visiting Fleet



The United States Navy is mobilizing in the North River. New York for the next few days will be full of naval men of every grade, from seaman to admiral. Their rank is indicated by chevrons on the arm or by insignia on collar or shoulderstrap. The accompanying chart will enable you to tell at a glance the branch of the service and the rank of the officers you see in town.